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EDUCATION PROPER.

The value and importance of education none will deny; its inherent and beneficent purposes, all will admit. So far forth, there seems to be a happy coincidence of opinion. But this system, like almost every other, is by many differently estimated, and hence differently appreciated. Now these discrepancies, as we conceive, are founded both in respect of kind and degree. That is to say, to speak more explicitly—for we wish to be clearly understood, even to the sacrifice of rhetoric—in the former case, men disagree as to just what should be the quality or kind or nature of the education we undergo: whether it should be inclusive or exclusive of certain phenomena or not. In the latter case, men, though concurring in the *kind*, are yet not unfrequently found disagreeing in respect of the *degree*; and that is again, as to just how far this educating process is to be carried, in some one particular sphere. But we are no doubt sufficiently well understood. Let us at once define our position. It is a responsibility that our pen would cautiously avoid, to touch upon first principles. This is not our purpose at all. Just as in the contemplation of a beautiful

picture, the original conception is left to a superior power, albeit an inferior one may descant on its peculiar coloring or shade, so do we, in the present instance, leave to a "higher order" the business of a metaphysical analysis of the theme in discussion. We mean to be general, rather than specific. We shall first, consider education from a general point of view; secondly, as to its great formative influence; and thirdly, we mean to consider from the foregoing heads, what we deem to be a warrantable conclusion, that education should be national, not sectional. Under the first generalization and at the outset, it may not be improper to ask ourselves the question, what is education? Has it a subjective or objective existence? Has it an intrinsic or an extrinsic worth? We answer, most assuredly both. A derivative word from the latin *educatio*, and that a compound of *e* and *duco*, it bears a wonderfully comprehensive signification, greatly more so, we apprehend, than most people seem accustomed to believe. Here then lies the difficulty, that so few will ever think; that though they see the effects of education, yet they do not seem, (which is all important), to comprehend the causes leading to it, in their working process; and hence unjustly term that education, which in many instances, is not education at all. Nor do we think exemplification essential in setting forth this idea. It is one of those few things in itself so palpable, that any attempt at making it plainer would only be to confuse and enmesh us. Just so surely as a cause is that which produces an effect, just as certainly and as simply is this a fact. Mournful attestation of a counterfeit education is furnished from the private circle, from the political tongue of the day, and shall we say it, even in a few instances from the "sacred desk" itself, under the false, though pretended injunctions of christian conscience. And this may be referred again, as a cause, to that extreme principle of practicability, which permeates and pervades

every grade of society in our own country. In this our day and generation, we are a caste of people too much addressing ourselves to the Mechanical province of our natures, and too little to the "Dynamical."* We are a people too much observant of outward order and established forms, and too little again to the "inner essence" of the powers of man, or of his spiritual well being. All this, as we conceive, tending to the inevitable fact, that "love of country in any high, or generous sense, in any other than an almost animal sense, or mere habit, has little importance attached to it." And this, we may add, is a canon, by which every system of education may be decided perfect or otherwise, for we certainly consider none as complete, which has not for its ulterior aim, the good of Society, or what may be differently expressed, "love of country." Man has an outward, as well as inward duty to perform. He lives and exists, only in the truest and noblest sense, when he conforms to the maxim, "*non nobis solum, sed patriæ et amicis.*" But we digress. We were observing above, that from an educational point of view, nay from any point of view, the great desideratum is, that we thoroughly comprehend the cause, as well as see the effect. The most unthinking mind may see and observe effects, but it is the part only of an enquiring and reflecting one, to give an account of them. It is an aphorism of Lord Bacon's, and highly appropriate at the present juncture of our discussion, that "the sole cause and root of almost every defect in the sciences is this: that whilst we falsely admire and extol the powers of the human mind, we do not search for its real helps." How exactly is this the case in the educational science? How do we "*falsely* admire and extol," what were better condemned and stigmatized. How eagerly do we grasp the spurious coin of education unsuspectingly passed upon us, without stopping for a moment to enquire as to the validity of its

*Carlyle's "Signs of the Times."

claim to genuineness, and hence to our acceptance. And finally, how actually and materially do we find ourselves losers in the operation, when we come to estimate the cost. From the very nature of the case, "false prophets" must and will arise. Let a scrupulous observation, therefore, of the operating causes be the crucible in which all are to be tested; the balance in which all are to be weighed, and if any be found wanting (to speak somewhat pedantically), either in "mode" or in "measure," let them be labeled, *specious*.

II. But it may be asked, after all, under the second generalization, and perhaps more properly just here, than elsewhere in the present essay, what the real province of education is. What are its legitimate functions. On the clear elucidation of our idea upon this point, we are aware will depend much of the merit, if any it possess at all, of this investigation. We premise what else is to follow under this head, by a repetition of the fact enunciated in the beginning, that education bears along with it a prodigious formative influence. Its relations to man are two-fold; having respect both unto his temporal and spiritual melioration. Let us consider this formative influence, in its two aspects, mental and moral. Here it would indeed seem the work of supererogation for us to dwell, as we can present nothing new. Neither shall we make the attempt. But it is ground nevertheless, which must be trodden, before we can reach the goal at which we are striving. The temple of science is builded indeed on a lofty eminence, to which there is but one avenue of access; but one way of ingress and egress; and wishing there to hang up the monuments of truth, it becomes a matter not of choice or will, but of stern necessity rather, that we tread the same path, if *not* encounter the same difficulties, which thousands have before. By carrying this simile yet a little farther, we may add, that it shall not cost us all the pains which others may have taken, as

we are now pursuing the highway of precedent, from which the rubbish has been cleared, and the way of approach left unobstructed. What we understand then, by the influence of education upon the mental faculties is, the educing or drawing out of those latent powers of intellection, with which man has been endowed, and the evolution and expansion of the same, to their fullest orb and extent, so as to meet the highest demands of his destiny, as a being of intelligence and reason. In this sense, to be sure, man's nature partakes largely of the "Mechanical," that is to say, of the practical element. He is thus fashioned a being of usefulness, and the circumscribed limit of his existence is the limit of utility; not, of course, in an unmodified form, but rather in its barest acceptance. For utility, considered in its most comprehensive nature, includes a moral element as well. The education of the mental faculties, serves to evoke the highest possible capability of man; to awaken and arouse, from a state of sleepiness and drowsy inactivity the powers of thought, and to elevate them by an ascending system of gradation, to their various functions, in the fullness of vigor and elasticity. It makes the mind self-reliant—self-existent. It gives to it a reflex force, by which it is enabled to act inwardly upon itself and to discover there the principles which regulate its own existence. But so far man has undergone but a partial education. This much, is but as a part to the whole. Strength and power have an intrinsic worth, to be sure, but these must of necessity surfeit themselves, unless acted upon by some extraneous influence. "All power implies, both direction and control." There must be a system then, addressing itself to the ethical nature of man, or as Carlyle terms it, to the "primary, unmodified forces" of his being. Exclusive of this, we should have man a picture "rough sketched" indeed, yet wanting the delicate touch of the pencil, to shadow it forth in lines of "light and

beauty," so as to make it worthy, alike, of the highest conception of the emotional and intellectual faculty. Now this is what we hold to be the theory of those, whom we have taken upon ourselves to term dissentients in kind. It is an opinion well known to be held by some, (though erroneously), who take a narrow and contracted view of the purposes of education, that its main object, is to deal with mental developement alone; and this is what they are pleased to call education. *This* is mere instruction. We say this is the case with many, for we can judge of the creed of a man, only by his works. Some again (we judge the tree as above, by its fruits), though not wholly ignoring the moral tendency of education, yet stop short of its proper extent, and are therefore what we term dissentients in degree. This system finds its culmination in instruction as before, with the addition merely of good breeding. This we adopt as the true theory: "instruction and breeding are to education, as parts to a whole; instruction respects the communication of knowledge and breeding the manners or outward conduct: but education comprehends not only both these, but the formation of the mind, the regulation of the heart, and the establishment of just principles; good instruction makes one wiser; good breeding makes one more polished, agreeable and humane; good *education*, makes one *really* good."* This, then, superinduces upon education proper a moral characteristic, and that in its greatest degree of perfection. But no system is in itself perfect. The law of gradation is a law common to all developement. So also it is, with respect to education; its process is essentially gradatory. And again, the parts which constitute a whole, find a mutual and reciprocal dependence upon each other; one taking precedence of the other, in its natural order. So, likewise, does the moral state pre-suppose a due degree of cultivation of the mental, before it can proceed to a

*Crabb.

clear and perfect perception of the true character of actions. For, as exemplified in the science of morals, the untutored mind, in instances where an act of judgment or reasoning is implied, might condemn that as wrong, which is really right, or approve of that as right, which is in reality wrong. This then makes up the complement of a genuine education. Upon this broad platform of principles, do we place our educated man, and challenge the world to an objection. Hereon, he stands emphatically a man, in the concrete fullness of all his relations; in the conscious dignity of his own importance, risen to his own proper and distinctive level. Hereon, he stands the embodiment of all that is truly great and noble, combining in himself the two elements of social and individual progress; for he is as a tree, deep-rooted and strong, inherently possessing both strength and beauty, yet yielding sustenance, and imparting vigor and vitality to inferior organic substances around. Thus educated in head and heart, does man "vindicate his celestial birth-right;" thus does he become the presiding luminary both of church and state; in a word, a doubly sceptred monarch, actuated by the genuine impulses of a "soul lit" mind, and governing and directing from his high pre-eminence, the mighty current of human affairs. And if the hour of peril should come, he stands

"Like a statue thunderstruck, which though quivering, seems to look
Right against the thunder place."

III. Having thus defined our idea of educational excellence, it may be asked with no little propriety how many ever approach it? It is a good maxim which says, "He who builds at all and builds beneath the sky, builds too low." God is high over all, in excellence infinite, yet are we commanded to liken ourselves unto Him. No matter then, whether our standard be planted Heaven high, only of this let us be sure, the more nearly we approach it the more nearly shall we be doing our whole

duty. But as "charity begins at home," why is it we cannot make a practical application of such an education as we have been considering in our own country? To be sure we need it. There is, however, an insurmountable barrier opposing itself in the way of the accomplishment of such an object, and that is sectionalism. And why? Because sectionalism is always, in any sphere, narrow and contracted. First, this is so, from its circumscribed nature. The idea of locality, abstractedly considered, might seem at first glance, a thing of little importance; but more closely regarded, we doubt not, it will be found otherwise the case. Now it is a fact bearing the force of experience, that the habits, customs and manners of a people are in a great degree determined and regulated by the particular section of country in which Providence has cast their lot. This implying as well, in some one respect or other, a difference of institutions, peculiar to the idiosyncracies of that particular people. Now circumscribe these characteristics of locality, and we have the first objection to sectionalism. The analogy to be drawn from the world of commerce, is so complete in portraying the evil effects of such a state, that we think it highly proper it should be instituted here. Limit the commerce of a nation, and what do we do? We clog the wheels of her industry, we render stagnant her energies, and hasten her into a rapid decline. Cut off the exports and imports of a nation, and we close the very nostrils of her commercial body, through which she expires and inspires the bracing and invigorating atmosphere of exchange, and the consequence is that she languishes and dies of suffocation, from the continual inhalation of her own fetid breath. Exchange of commodities is the life of commerce; exchange of ideas that of the mind. The mind cannot be fettered by the limits of a particular section, without becoming morbid and diseased; and when thus diseased, like the

body in a similar condition, it is incapable of putting forth its highest powers. Secondly, the prejudicial nature of sectionalism is another of its elements of unsoundness. This feature is a natural result of the first. False pride is invariably the offspring of narrow and contracted views, and this spirit begets prejudice in its meanest form.

A people impaled within the limits of their own peculiar institutions, having no outlet or inlet, can, as a matter of course, see no excellence outside of themselves. Naturally tenacious of their own ideas of the "right" and "wrong," to the exclusion of all others, they rebel not unfrequently against their own interest. Prejudice is the outflow of a hateful pride, and by this pride it was that angels fell. Sectionalism is, therefore, in any form, abominable, detestable, execrable in the extreme. But it is a disease not incurable, yet curable only by a national remedy. It is a disease, moreover, of rapid and sure destruction, and already far advanced in its ravages upon the system of the American people. Let us check it before the fatal moment has arrived when life shall become extinct, and that by the adoption of a sound, national education, whose two eyes are wisdom and virtue; a broad, comprehensive education, broad as the confines of our country's domain, comprehending every section, and our whole interest as a people.

In conclusion, how are we to compass so desirable an end as that of a national education? The problem is not a hard one, nor difficult of solution. The period of youth, being the one in which every system of education should have its origin, the first step should be an interchangeable patronage of the various seminaries of learning, in either section of the country. The tendency of such a plan undoubtedly would be to mollify and eventually to destroy altogether, the embittered sentiments and narrow prejudices arising, as above said, from sectionalism, to teach the youth of our country to compare on enlarged

and liberal views, their own, with the customs and institutions of others, and to form a just medium between two extremes. Nor would such a course, though fallaciously argued by some, result detrimental to the interests of any section. It is an unvarying phase of human nature, that first principles cling tenaciously. Nor can we, though we would, set them aside. Yet this does not preclude the feasibility of the plan we have suggested; for it is only when we are alive to the perception of our own faults and are willing to correct them, that we are truest to our interests. But there is a system yet, outside of college walls, that needs to be scrupulously attended to: that arising from an education of the heart, and which ends in brotherly love and communion. This inculcates the principle of forbearance and toleration, and is to be effected by a constant social intercommunication.

When this system of education, which we have advocated, shall have been adopted, the education both of heart and head, the education of the individual to the collective body, of sectional to national interests, then will have arrived the "golden era" of our history as a nation, and America will be what we believe it is the provision of Providence she should be, the Mecca of freedom, independence and happiness, towards which all the people, in all parts of the habitable globe, shall turn their eyes with wonder, respect and admiration.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHESTER P. BUTLER, Miss.

Our Friend has gone out from us—he is dead.

O let us weep! let tears pour down like rain,

And mingle with the dust above his head;

For he, alas! is dead—this all our strain,

“Our Friend is gone, nor will return again!”

O Spirit beautiful, and just, and brave,

O Spirit noble, free from every stain,

Why didst thou plunge so blindly in the wave?

Was there no power on Earth might shield thee from the grave?

Ah me, that he is dead! Ah me! Yes, let us mourn

That death should hurl his venom-pointed dart

At mark so bright—that night should shroud the morn—

Worms conquer Love! O better, better part

With Death itself, than with so true a heart.

They tell us he is Christ's, and all is well,

But we are human, and the tears will start,

And all the thoughts which in our bosoms dwell

Are woven to a dirge—a sad funereal knell.

And we must grieve though all the saints rejoice,

And clap their hands, and smile to see him come;

Yes, we must grieve, though every angel voice

Shout “Welcome! welcome!” and from dome to dome

Th' multitudinous songs of triumph roam—

Though earth, and sea, and skies, and stars do give

Their dumb lips speech, and thunder “welcome home!”

Aye, e'en though the Eternal's self should leave

His throne to greet his ransomed soul—still must we grieve.

For we are born in weakness, and our lot

Is cast in suffering. Each lone wind that blows

Bears on its bosom sighs intense and hot

With human anguish, and our many woes

Trample the spirit, 'till our eye-lids close

For the last time, amid the moan of friends

Clinging despairingly to Hope—and whose

Own destiny that awful scene portends,

With a most potent speech, a voice that never ends.

He whom we mourn was a most noble youth,
 Gentle and honest, pure, sincere, and strong
 To grapple Error and exalt the Truth;
 And now that he is dead and does belong
 To th' immortals, like unto a sweet song
 Half sung, doth seem his earthly pilgrimage—
 A flower too beautiful to blossom long—
 A dream of something bright—an unsoiled page—
 A prisoned bird that pined, and died within its cage.

And yet not all dead is he, no, for he
 Doth live around us and among us—never
 Can the soft sunlight steal down silently
 And bathe the mountains, or the rippling river
 Make music for us, or the green groves quiver
 With the melody of songsters, or the sea
 Hymn its hoarse anthem to the unseen Giver
 Of life and loveliness, but we must see
 Something resembling him, that will not, cannot flee.

And so like one embalmed in heavenly love,
 And fed upon the fruits of Paradise,
 Should he seem to us—from his home, above
 Gazing down ever with those radiant eyes
 That seem to fill with sudden sad surprise,
 At this our grief, and which would say could we
 But read their language—"dear friends it is not wise
 That you should weep; O do not mourn for me!
 For heaven is brighter far than earth could ever be."

TOBACCO.

Having been favored with the perusal of the March number of the Harvard Lit., we noticed, among others, an article on Tobacco. As we have a weakness on that point, our attention was immediately arrested. Hoping to be at once interested and instructed, we read it attentively, once and again; and finally, in company with

several others, (pipes lit, of course), we listened with care, while from the lips of a veteran smoker rolled the words of wisdom, clothed in the ponderous sentences of the man of Cambridge. We will confess that if the article had been in the Yale Magazine, we would not have been surprised; but being as it was, the leading article of the Magazine of what purports to be the first literary institution of the land—which ought to be *la creme de la creme* of literature—our astonishment knew no bounds.

We will not hazard any conjectures in regard to the unknown author; in charity, we would suppose that he was a Freshman, his first pipe just smoked, the nausea at its height, while in an excited state of mind he revenges himself on the fell destroyer. One thing is certain, and we will try and prove our assertions, that he assumes, with most refreshing coolness, as admitted, the very point to be proven; that he is ignorant of, or transgresses the most simple rules of logic; that he introduces irrelevant matter; that his imagination is disordered, and his affections warped; that he is impudent, and that he is bigoted and fanatical; and therefore is incapable of drawing a right conclusion.

The gentleman begins by noticing the existence of a gymnasium and a temperance society in their midst, and regrets the absence of an anti-tobacco society. He then goes on to state the probable results if the statistics of this anti-tobacco society (*in posse*) were to be published. "Many a parent, thus enlightened, would keep his bright boy at home, painful as the sacrifice would be, rather than commit him to the rude blasts and perilous waves of college-life;" and standing aghast at the temptations which beset the student, would exclaim, "Perish the education which can be gotten only at the risk of the soul!" Ignoring entirely the moral, intellectual and social advantages of college-life, and forgetting the evil day when the child will become a man and be subject to all the

temptations of the world, he would rather see that boy not educated than that he be subject to the minor influences of a college-life. The point which he assumes in such a condescending manner is, that Tobacco is an evil; an unmitigated evil, an evil which cannot be overcome; which ought to be classed with drunkenness and obscenity, and vices of all shades, from "hazing" to those vices "which get into the papers," e. g., violence, destruction of property, and offences against society. And especially those "nameless crimes, the existence of which is connected with Tobacco." He says, we will premise, once for all, these little things; a most sweeping and comfortable way of disposing of a difficult subject. He also adds, "we would assert that a man addicted to liquor is nine times out of ten a user of the vile weed also." And in several other places does he handle this proposition in the following manner: "Those who are addicted to drinking generally use Tobacco." Therefore those who use Tobacco are likely to drink. A method of conversion not recognized in Whately, and in which he would find almost as much difficulty as "in converting the hardened, tobacco-chewing drinkers to the temperance society," a job which, he says, he attempted as a last resort, (what he means is not very clear, but it is evidently something very difficult). We instance this argument as proof of what we meant, when we said he was deficient in logic, and the instance is only one of many.

Again. "Would it be pleasant—if within the bounds of possibility—to conceive of Shakspeare with a pipe in his mouth? But we can find examples nearer home. The sage of Concord, recognized as a smoker, falls from the clouds whither our imagination has followed him in the perusal of his works, like Icarus in the story—the wax melting from his wings before the warmth of our blushes for his imperfections." Let us for one moment admire not only the beauty of the figure, but the modesty and candor of the man. In other words, a man does me a

favor, a gift of money for example, instead of an intellectual benefit. This is the waxen wing, which bears him to the clouds, in my estimation. Yet he wears a shabby coat, or a mean hat. Immediately our blushes for his imperfections melt said wax, and down he comes into some sea or other. Probably the sea of contempt for old clothes which the person may have. Hear him a little further: "The successor of Humboldt and the loafer in the streets of Cambridge are wide enough apart, you would think, but we have seen both cross the college yard with cigars in their mouths, and we have thought that of the two the loafer was justified." This is what we referred to when we said the author was *impudent*.

A little further on, as a clincher we suppose, he advances the following argument, which for beauty, force and applicability, we have rarely ever seen equaled. "How can the user of Tobacco be a Christian? Can a slave be a Christian? No! not even the slave of violence and brute force, the unwilling bondman. Much less, then, he who willingly takes upon his neck the yoke of servitude to a passion, an appetite, an unclean desire. If it be the boast and badge of a Christian, (and who will deny that it is?) to trample what is carnal under his feet, and to put away the lusts of the world, how can the user of Tobacco assume the name? Worse than an idolator, he worships, not a harmless image of brass or stone, but a great ugly devil, with eyes of fire and breath of smoke, alive and active, full of power to curse and destroy. Before this master he hastens to prostrate himself in token of complete subjection, yet lays claim still to the title and character of a Christian. The follower of Him who said, 'No man can serve two masters.'" We were educated in the belief that the benefits of Christianity were extended to all, in every condition and circumstance, and only requiring a belief in the fundamental doctrines of the New Testament. We admit the force of passion, lust, &c., but object to the introduction of "slaves of

violence," who can be Christians, according to the gospel. The author has fallen into the common error of his section, that of judging a thing on account of its abuse. He instances the oil of Tobacco as a violent poison; so is milk if taken into the blood. Also the repugnance of the human system for it, at first. So does the "naked new born child" (of autographic memory) writhe and squall when the as yet foreign element of air is first introduced into its lungs. Yet no one will doubt the necessity of air, and few who have tried it will doubt the luxury of Tobacco. Medical men are divided as to the effects of Tobacco on the human system. And if the author of the above will take the trouble of reading a very able and dispassionate article which appeared sometime ago in the *Edinburg Review*, on "Tea, Coffee and Tobacco," he will receive some intelligence in regard to the statistics which he threatened to quote, but forbore. But it is a fact that these three stimulants exist and are in large use in our midst, and it is another fact that the present age, despite "slavery, the cotton crop and tobacco," is the most enlightened and moral age which the world has ever seen; it is a fact further, that drunkenness is a vice which yields most easily to education, (witness the condition of the higher classes in England, and this land twenty years ago), and if the use of Tea, Coffee and Tobacco were such unmitigated evils they alike would retire before the light of science and religion. But they do not. What is the conclusion, Mr. Harvard? We will not say that you are an ass, for such a word should not appear in a literary Magazine; nor call you a fool, for your article has occupied a prominent place in the *Harvard Magazine*.

The author winds up with a doleful account of how he walked through the valley of the Connecticut, and with pain and indignation he regretted the expulsion of "the graceful broom corn—that glory of the Connecticut valley landscape," and how Tobacco has supplanted it in

the affections of the Connecticut people. The author strenuously advises a crusade against this and kindred evils, such as cotton and slavery, which crusade is to begin at Massachusetts and extend all over the world, to all those nations who are under the influences of the evil. In which crusade he would probably figure as Peter the hermit, or a second John Brown, for he is of the same stuff that such men are made of.

We will attempt to take a more rational, as well as a more liberal view of the subject. Not being so fastidious as the Cambridge gentleman, we *can* conceive of Shakspeare with a pipe in his mouth, for we read of Sir Walter Raleigh canopied by smoke; and how also Shakspeare and Ben Johnson "loafed," as it were, under the shade of some tree near an old inn; and what forbids the imagination to place in their hands a mug of "September ale, as clear as amber, as strong as brandy, and as sweet as milk;" or in their mouths a pipe of the much reviled Tobacco. As a great promoter of social enjoyment and genial companionship, it has few equals. Tobacco is a great leveller, a great preacher of democracy, as much so as was the black broth of Sparta. For among the free masonry of smokers there are no superiors, all alike stand on the same level of rational enjoyment. The divine right and privilege of kings received a severe blow when the "Blast" of King James against Tobacco was laughed at through all England.

The use of this plant has extended through all nations and to all classes. As the story of dangers past is told by the light of the trapper's fire in the far West, the pipe goes round, and the graceful spiral ascends to heaven "with blissful fragrance laden;" the pipe has cheered the dark hours of an arctic night, when all enjoyment had ceased, and men only wished for the return of the sun; and the frame of man has been braced by the cigar to resist the malaria of a southern climate. The Dutch burgher smokes

his ancestral meerschaum ; the Spanish beauty clasps her lips upon the delicate cigarette ; and the Hottentot has a pipe of his own peculiar kind, which does honor alike to his taste and ingenuity. But never has the crest of the foam-capped sea, stranded on the oozy shores of Holland, been moulded or shaped by cunning hand, into a sweeter receptacle for the divine plant than that formed from a simple *corn-cob*. In this form the great agencies of light, heat, and vegetation are all availed of, and the simple cob which has ripened and seasoned under the influence of a summer's sun, is an instrument of pleasure to almost as great an extent as its fruit is of profit. The one ministers to refined enjoyment ; the other serves as a chemical agent to supply the loss of fibre.

One of the ablest and most liberal English divines of the day testifies as follows : " For when all things were made, none was made better than this ; to be a lone man's companion ; a bachelor's friend ; a hungry man's food ; a sad man's cordial ; a wakeful man's sleep ; a chilly man's fire ; while for staunching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no such herb like it under the wide canopy of heaven."

We have often heard it said that all smokers acknowledged that Tobacco was an evil, and advised others to shun their paths. Don't be deceived, O unsophisticated one ! Do you think a man is going to acknowledge himself a fool ? With pardonable selfishness he conceals the real pleasure while he lures you on. Like the old sailor who has " crossed the line," and been visited by Neptune and Amphitrite, he conceals the point of the joke, and enjoys to the fullest extent your prospective initiation into the mysteries. We have now in our mind's eye a certain worthy Sophomore, who, with a perseverance worthy of the great cause, has made many and strenuous efforts to master the accomplishment, and often as he has tried, so often has he been made abominably sick.

Yet we do not doubt but that success will finally crown his efforts, and his joy will be *fuller* on account of so many unsuccessful trials.

We have been actuated thus far by a desire to say a few words in defence of a much abused institution—an institution which neither the fulminations of bigots, nor the misquoted edicts of medical faculties, nor the sneers of the press, can eradicate. Our object has not been to "convert the world," that is safe enough at present; but if we have succeeded in giving *a light* to any one, no matter how feeble, our end is attained.

X.

ECCENTRIC THINKERS.

Men are imitative, gregarious animals. They build cities and live together—they lay out cemeteries and sleep together.

Why do they frequent the saloons of Baden-Baden and Saratoga? Why do they wear assassin collars and eat peas with their forks? Why do they send their sons to college to *trans-late* Latin and Greek, and learn various other accomplishments? Is it not because others do so—because such things are customary—fashionable? Men are like sheep—they will follow the bell-wether, whether it be to charge up to the cannon's mouth, or to run away from it; whether it be to make a run on a bank, or a journey to Pike's Peak.

This gregariousness does not stop here—men not only live in crowds, but they think in crowds. On all the great questions of the day men are divided into comparatively

few sects. In fact men can scarcely be said to think at all. They read and memorize, instead of think. They adopt unquestioned the opinions of the world's leading minds, and actually fancy that what they have learned by rote is the result of their own patient investigation.

Now, as we might suppose, this state of things produces a reaction—i. e. there are some who won't follow the bell-wether. In the *sensuous* world this reaction is shown by men who won't wear fashionable coats, and by women who won't wear crinoline. In the *non-sensuous* world it is shown by eccentric thinkers.

Eccentricity of thought arises generally either from love of truth or love of self. Now we do not mean to say that lovers of truth are always eccentric thinkers—but we do mean to say that many of those, whose patient investigation has established important truths, have been for a time at least, stigmatized as eccentric thinkers.

Need we tell of the mariner of Genoa—of the monk of Wirtemberg, or of the august astronomer in the cells of the Roman Inquisition? Need we tell of Hervey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood? Did he not come near having his own blood circulate in a rather abnormal way?

Eccentric thinking also arises from some form of self-love. In some it is prompted by ambition. They desire power, and if they have ability sufficient to contrive and sustain palatable opinions, they gain power—such men are Mahomet, Joe Smith, and Brigham Young. The eccentricity of most, however, is prompted by vanity. This kind is especially prevalent among young men, who have taken an infinitesimal sip from that mythological fountain called the Pierian Spring—college students who have just begun to wear spectacles and long tailed coats. They think that it is a mark of talent to differ from their fellows. It is such a fascinating implication of intellectual superiority. They like to be called eccentric. They have

not learned the difference between eccentricity and originality—and thus they go on until all their mental powers are made to do priest service at the altar of ego.

But this vain eccentricity is not confined to young men or college students. It is found in every age and position in life. It is becoming fashionable. It sticks out everywhere in our literature. "Professors" give it utterance at the "breakfast table," and "ministers" in their "wooing;" eminent divines are not found wanting, who love to display their ingenuity in devising and defending novel views in mental and moral philosophy, and eccentric and false opinions are even proclaimed in these *times* by the *heralds* of the *press*, the very ones who ought to be the *tribunes* of the truth.

Eccentric thinking is sometimes comparatively harmless—e. g., when it affirms that the milky way is a ring around the earth, like those around Saturn; when it denies the reality of the Trojan war—when it asserts that Homer never lived, and that Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare. Then it is little more than ridiculous. But, when it stretches forth its impious hands to stir up impurities in the clear stream of religion and virtue—when it dares to deify man and strikes at the very foundation truths of society—then it becomes absolutely hellish, a fit emanation from the mind of the first great eccentric thinker, the fallen angel Lucifer.

We must, all of us, as our powers develop, decide for ourselves this question of eccentric thinking. We must settle it either consciously or unconsciously.

There's no getting rid of it. It is not a subject for "spread eagle" rhetoric and lofty declamations. It is a plain, simple, practical question. It involves mental and moral development and culture. It is simply this: shall the man within us be hideous with the deformity of a Vulcan, or clothed with the symmetry and radiant with the beauty of the God-like Apollo? shall we be actuated

by truth-love, or self-love? shall we stand forever in the outer court of the temple of Truth, like the stranger of old in the Jewish sanctuary, or shall we not rather, with pure, and humble, and earnest hearts, pierce the penetralia and worship in the very presence of the Goddess?

M. R. H.

THE RAINBOW.

Darkly has the tempest lowered
O'er the hill and wind-swept plain,
With the lurid glare of lightning
And with swift descending rain.
Peal on peal of angry thunder,
Has resounded loud on high,
And the clouds in leaden blackness
Long obscured the angry sky.

But the gloomy storm-god's chariot
Now is rumbling in the west,
Where the tempest has departed,
Chafing at the thought of rest.
See you not yon arc of beauty,
Hanging o'er that murky cloud,
Like an angel, with compassion
O'er the sinner in his shroud?

'Tis the bow of the Almighty—
Emblem of a holy bond,
Granted by the King of Heaven,
That repentants ne'er despond.
'Tis the palace where Jehovah
Rules in majesty his own,
And the cohorts of the blessed
Throng around the golden throne.

'Tis the pathway of the angels,
Where they come to bring to earth
Pardon for its past transgressions;
And of sin, a happy dearth.
Sacred pledge of man's redemption!
Trust of a desponding race,
Ever be thou thus a token
Stamped upon the storm-cloud's face.

THOMAS DEQUINCEY.

It has been our privilege (a privilege which none of us can estimate too highly), to have lived in the age, to have witnessed the closing years, in the lives of DeQuincey, Macaulay, and Irving. These names possess a lofty interest from their being associated so intimately with that school of Philosophers, which struggled so intelligently and earnestly against the degrading Materialism of Hobbes and Locke, and freed English verse and prose from the fetters which Dryden, Pope, and Johnson had imposed upon them. But this is not their only claim on our interest and gratitude. Their own intellectual excellence was great and acknowledged; wherever the English tongue is spoken their names are now familiar, and so long as rare endowments, high intellectual culture, and all the graces and refinements of social life continue to be appreciated, they will be remembered. The great artist in every department of intellectual activity deserves the gratitude of his fellow men, for he is a great power in society. He does not build constitutions, he does not seek to penetrate the mysteries of matter, but he educates, he refines; he sets kindly feelings flowing; he kindles lofty aspirations. Now DeQuincey, and Macaulay, and Irving, although possessed of intellects capable of the acutest abstract investigation, deserve our gratitude most and will be chiefly remembered on account of their artistic power. It was the element of beauty they sought to embody. As has been said of Macaulay, so with equal propriety might be asserted of the other two, "if they did not descend to posterity as great historians and essayists, they would be esteemed great poets."

DeQuincey's life was a checkered and most eventful

one. Although there was much of lofty peace in its later years, his boyhood was one of gloom, the gloom of a mighty spirit left to prey upon itself. But this habit of intense thought in early life was not the only cause of those sombre musings he embodies so finely in the "Confessions," and *Suspiria de profundis*. He was trained in the school of sorrow and adversity. At the early age of six the death of his younger sister seems to have made a profound impression upon him, and awakened to a preternatural vividness the thought of mortality. From the time when he stole into that darkened room, and stood by the bedside where the great mystery of death was shadowed forth, when his spirit soared from the "solitary child to the solitary God; from the ruined corpse to the throne that can never be ruined"—that vision of mortality seems to have followed him, to have formed an integral part in all his imaginings. During his bleak life in London, when his dreams were wildest and grandest, his soul would often revert with strange sad yearning to that solemn scene, and even in his peaceful home, amidst the Cumberland lakes, into the calm flow of his thoughts, the pallid face and folded hands of his sister would sometimes steal. But the gloom that covers his soul was not like that of Chatterton, or Keats, or Kirke White—the gloom of repining and despair; it was the lofty sadness of a noble soul, working on in silence at the great problems of humanity in the midst of neglect, poverty and starvation. Nothing we know of breathes such an air of calm repose, the repose which comes only to those who find company with the great and good of other ages, or seek no other society than that of the great truths which loom up so grandly before their souls; the repose which we imagine dwelt in the mind of Galileo, when he grappled firmly, saw clearly, the truths he had been approaching through mists and darkness. (What cared he for scorn and contumely? He was happy, he was

proud in the consciousness of full possession. And such pride as this—Promethean pride—is a noble and elevating thing). Nothing, we say, conveys so well to our mind a sense of this proud sadness, this lofty self-reliance, as those passages in the “Confessions” which relate to those long walks he used to take (mostly on Saturday nights), through the thoroughfares and suburbs of London, the silent heavens bending over him, and the silent city with its histories of want, and sorrow, and suffering, around him. “The town of London,” he says, “represented the earth with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight nor wholly forgotten. The ocean in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by a dovelike calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then I first stood at a distance and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, the strife, were suspended; a respite granted from the secret burdens of the heart; a Sabbath of repose; a resting from human labors. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm; a tranquility that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.”

Inspired by incidental remarks that he heard while passing groups of poor folk returning homeward with their Sunday rations, he would fall into profound reveries full of sad emotions, at the thought of the stifled griefs, the patient endurance of hunger and privation often to be met with in the humbler walks of life. By the grace of God, we believe, this gloom passed away from his mind, that his simple faith repelled its encroachments, and that finally, surrounded by loving hearts and soothed by loving hands, he sank to rest, full of that “peace of

God which passeth all understanding," and in perfect charity toward his fellow men.

DeQuincey's intellectual history, too, is strangely interesting and striking. His mind seems to have had its first strong impulse from the fountains of Hellenic genius. His fine imagination not only, like Keats, caught at a glance a true conception of the Greek ideal, but with higher powers of analysis than Keats, he became thoroughly, philosophically master of the Greek language, so that at the early age of thirteen "he wrote Greek with ease, and at fifteen not only composed Greek verses in lyric measure, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment, being in the daily practice of reading off the newspapers in Greek *extempore*."

The principal characteristics of DeQuincey's mind were a power of subtle analysis and gigantic imagination. This latter was no doubt stimulated by his use of opium—not however to unhealthy action. His critical skill and fine taste checked anything like inconsistency or diffuseness. His loftiest flights are intensely philosophic, and touch the grandest passions of the soul. Nor was his learning less profound or varied than his powers. It covered the vast field of the language and literature of almost all the great nations of antiquity—Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, as well as the language and literature of modern Europe. He was profoundly versed, too, in Church History. Perhaps there was no man in England better acquainted with the principles and history of those numberless sects which disturbed the Church during the first, second, and third centuries. In English literature he was entirely at home, and some of his first criticisms on the great poets of our tongue, from Shakespeare down to Wordsworth, have come from his pen. But philosophical studies seem to have been his especial delight, and the German mind the subject of his most earnest philosophic study. It was a positive luxury with him to pore over

the misty pages of the sage of Königsberg. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie (the literary editor of the *Philadelphia Press*), gives the following summary of his pursuits: "Theology, Metaphysics, Political Economy, Criticism, History, Philosophy, Biography, Astronomy, Fiction, Classical and German Literature, have by turns engaged his attention, as well as essays on literature and men of letters, and narratives of singular force and merit."

He was blessed too with a retentive memory. Little he had learned escaped him. Nor was the vast amount of material he had collected by patient and long continued research, indigested or unwieldy.

His thorough analysis was not content with facts alone, but demanded the underlying principles. His powerful imagination threw its charm over all he had observed and collected. Nor did his use of opium (although we do not here attempt to defend or palliate his contraction of this dreadful and injurious habit), deaden the finer sensibilities of his nature. Even when he was clinched the closest in its iron grasp during his life in London, when cut off from all the kindly relationships of kindred and home, the wealth of his soul was lavished in that strange passion for the poor, forsaken, fallen Ann. And then, too, when in the midst of the agony of conflict with his stern enemy, in what beautiful and touching words does this "dream haunted Orestes" record the tender devotion of the sweet Electra of his love, who "neither in nobility of mind, nor in long suffering affection, would permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife!" And in that sweet retreat of Lasswade, where all around breathed such peace and softness, when the active day of his life was over, when the hardest battles had been fought, and in faith and humility he could say—I have conquered—how he delighted in the exercise of kindly feelings and offices! How, too, all the stains and excrescences of his early years seem effaced or mel-

lowed in the rich light of his life's setting sun! We have failed to notice what every reader of DeQuincey cannot fail to have observed, his wonderful mastery of the English tongue. Dr. Trench, who is perhaps as thoroughly acquainted with the resources of our language as any man living, has pronounced him its most thorough master, the greatest stylist of this or any other age. His words seem absolutely to *gush* forth, as if from an inexhaustible fountain. And, like a strong man, he seemed to delight in the exercise of his strength, in some of his Essays *heaping* words on words all of them appropriate, all of them telling, as if to show the richness of his vocabulary. A finer instance of "word-painting" we think can nowhere be found, than that splendid dream which closes the "Pains of Opium." The dream commenced with music, (which then he often heard in dreams), a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation anthem, and which, like that gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies &c. &c. Unlike Macaulay or Irving, De Quincey has left no completed memorial of his genius, such as a continuous history, for instance; all that he wrote was fragmentary, principally in the form of Magazine articles. And yet much as it is to be lamented that he gave the world no fuller testimonials of his genius and learning, we must not infer from this that his capabilities have been over-rated. In the first place, the man who, with writing comparatively so little, and not availing himself to any extent of the ordinary means of acquiring a reputation, such as Conversation and Lecture, could nevertheless obtain such a name for himself, not only among the young and illiterate, but among the matured and polished, must indeed have been gifted with extraordinary powers. And then, too, quality, not quantity, is the criterion of merit. Great thinkers have often sent their names down to pos-

terity by the discovery of a single principle. Enounced in a few short words, many a brief sentence has been engraved on the heart of the ages. A single word has often and often been the result of the life's labor of a mighty intellect. The words of the thinker may be few and simple, expressing, as if by happy coincidence, just what our mind was struggling for utterance, and yet there is a power behind, a majestic undercurrent, which overflows the soul. Wherever genius is, its presence and power will be felt. And yet, like the softest strains of orchestral music, like the sweet south wind, silently, it oftenest steals into the soul. Every reader of DeQuincey cannot fail to have observed the *suggestiveness* of all his writings. What he explicitly asserts is interesting and instructive, but there is an implication of a power behind, a hidden meaning, (such as the Mystics sought to discover in the scriptures), far more striking. Some of his fine sentences, like masterpieces in painting, do not yield half their beauties on first inspection, their force and beauty grow with deeper study. In fine, we think that De Quincey's claim to distinction lies not so much in what he has actually achieved, as in the immense capabilities he has displayed.

DESULTORIA.

One evening when our mind was most gratefully relaxed from the consideration of *dx dy dt* &c. *ad nauseam*, we were confidentially button-holed by our friend the editor, who in a voice and with a tone such as none but an editor of the "Nassau Lit." can assume, besought us to "gin 'im suthin for the mag." Now we are unfor-

tunately of an obliging disposition, and so promised to consider the matter. Accordingly we betook ourselves to meditation. What *should* we write about? Art, History, Poetry, and Philosophy, had from time immemorial fired the brains and winged the pens of preceding contributors. The more we thought, the less were we satisfied, until we were well nigh wishing for some of the "divine afflatus" to produce a most thrilling effusion of, perhaps—"nothing to write." At last we formed the sudden determination to cut the knot, if we could not untie it; in short, to avoid any profound, learned, or rhetorical disquisition upon the abstract and the spiritual, and simply to throw out of our mental storehouse (here the ever present genius of mistrust would have us substitute *lumber-room*), a few pent-up ideas on matters and things around us, which might need ventilation. The only encouragement to present these ideas is the belief that they are shared by many of our fellows, and are not individual and peculiar.

Ofentimes the hardest struggles are no more than the determining of a neutral point between extremes, each of which may be wrong or injurious, while their meaning is neither. Thus in the progress of civilization there is a happy medium between that excessive diffusion of men and means, which is a sign of barbarism, and that equally excessive centralization which betokens incipient degeneracy. In religion, men are not to refine and spiritualize themselves so far as to cease to be men, nor are they, on the contrary, to degrade themselves to the level of the brute creation by devotion to their mere animal wants. But there is no need of pushing the illustration any further. Such adjustments of opposing force or tendencies may be exemplified in the familiar sight of the good old see-saw. Mathematicians tell us that there is somewhere a point, on which suspended, the beam would be horizontal. That is all very good. But how is that point to be

reached? who, in this tricky world of ours, can tell when he has found that happy point, where he is neither too learned nor too ignorant, neither rash nor timorous, neither transcendental nor sensual. If we could only hit upon that wonderful point of equilibrium, we would be all right. But, like the see-saw, we are ever up and down, now soaring high into the air, now coming to the earth with an admonitory thump.

All this is dry and discouraging enough. But it has its application to us of Nassau Hall, and to our undergraduate brethren throughout the country. There seems to be very conflicting opinions upon the object and mode of college life. Some fond parents act as though they firmly believed that college students were all book worms of astonishing capacity, using spectacles as a consequence of wasting the midnight oil (Kerosene at present), to the extent of a good sized cask per session, and wearing an interestingly sick look generally. Hence the epistolary advice of such parents runs somewhat thus—my dear son—Be careful for your health—Do not overwork yourself. In direct opposition to them, are many anxious fathers and mothers who can think of college only as a place of fascinating idleness, who view a collegiate course for their sons as a necessary evil, something like the whooping cough or the measles, and submit to it only because it has become a custom which they cannot very well avoid. So the outer world jogs on, stopping now and then in his course to abuse our poor colleges for making young men work so hard as to lose their eyesight, health, and everything else, and declaring that this fashion of shutting up young people in barracks and feeding them on Latin and Greek roots, ought to be abolished. Occasionally, however, the tune of his complaint is changed. Tidings of some marvellous spree has just reached his ears through the columns of the daily press, who of course never exaggerate anything,

and he wonders how it is that parents will be such fools as to send their sons to college, to learn to smoke, drink, play, and by way of variety, fall into an occasional row with policemen or the faculty. Verily, his son will never go to college. So that young hopeful learns these accomplishments under the auspices of "our best society" at home.

Now to our mind, it seems as though these misconceptions arose somewhat thus: In every college there are opposite and often conflicting tendencies. On the one hand, a faithful attendance upon allotted duties necessarily leads to isolation. Study is not a thing to be done in common. Each man must prepare his own exercises, and to do so properly must abstract himself from all his friends, and not seldom from his own room-mate. Now it is evident that an excessive devotion to studies will lead to a greater or less degree of exclusiveness. The hard poller runs the risk of becoming a mere *grubber*. He may lose a part, and a very valuable one too, of his course, in forgetting that a man's social faculties are to be cultivated, as well as his intellectual. On the other hand, there is an obvious likelihood of one's becoming entirely too sociable. The time which ought to be devoted to text books and note books, and the ever varying demands of Profs. and Tutes. is too apt to be trifled away. He who ought to be a good student, degenerates into a mere loafer, bluing himself and not seldom boring his friends. Lucky is he if he do no worse. According, then, as a student is an inveterate *do-everything*, or a hopeless *do-nothing*, so far does he establish or confirm false opinions among his outside friends. If he overworks himself and breaks down, the blame is considerably laid upon his hard task-masters. If he underworks or works not at all, the college system is abused as leading only to such a result.

Now to use a clerical phrase, permit us to indulge in a

"few practical observations." How are we, students or the venerable college of New Jersey, influenced by these opposing tendencies. Are we devoted to cramming and its consequent isolation, or are we too social, and therefore prone to idleness? The question is a knotty one. But it seems to us individually that, at present, we collectively, are, strange to say, faulty in both respects. There are in every class some few individuals standing at or near the top, who do work most faithfully—with regularity of attendance, fine preparation of studies and hard work in general. But is it not true that the majority view recitations and the hearers as their natural enemies, to whom no voluntary allegiance is to be paid? Are these not satisfied with a bare getting through, not considering much the way or means? However, we may be mistaken on this point, and will not insist upon it. But we will insist, most strenuously on the second point, that we fail more, perhaps, than we are aware, in our social intercourse. Be the cause or causes what they may it is a fact not to be disputed, that friendship here labors under some disadvantages. There is a deficiency of that general sentiment which leads one student to regard another, whether an acquaintance or not, as a person in whom he ought to take some interest. It is a want of what might be termed "*l'esprit du corps*." But besides this general feeling, there might be more of class sympathy, causing wholesome emulation, and preventing the lower classes from becoming too fresh, the upper too assuming. The spirit of generous rivalry which causes men to work not merely for their own distinction, but also for that of their class, unless pushed too far, as it sometimes is in certain of the New England colleges, denotes a healthy condition of the body collegiate. Of course, in an institution where three hundred and more young men are gathered, it cannot be expected that all should be friends or even acquaintances. But at least there need be no occasion for the existence

of two or more distinct parties, mutually regarding each other as enemies. Here comes in the vexed and endlessly discussed question of college politics. Much has been said pro and con, for the sake of argument, but there seems one fair criterion by which it may be judged, viz: by its fruits. If any one, after a full experience of its effects on himself and his friends, can pronounce it any thing else than an unmitigated bore and nuisance, such an one is certainly gifted with a more than ordinary share of the stuff of which our state legislatures are too often composed. We are not given to Utopian schemes of college perfection, either socially, mentally, or morally, knowing that among so many differently constituted minds there will always be divisions and quarrellings, and even fightings, but we do hope and trust that the good time coming will soon arrive when this college will be indeed a unit, when the idea of elections and party questions shall have become a mere tradition, and when our two societies shall be—what they were originally intended to be, and what they were for so long a time—halls for the cultivation of social literature, and not what they have been, schools of political engineering.

And now, most patient reader, we are through, and our mutual friend, the Editor, is rejoiced at having so many of his pages filled. If in these desultoria you may find any thought or connection—good; if they are somewhat pleasing to you—better; if they are wholly acceptable—best of all. But if, on the contrary, you do not believe in them, or which is about the same thing, do not like them—well, it can't be helped. Only, as Shakespeare hath it,

“Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.”

THE DAY-STAR.

There's a bright beaming star in the brow of the Past,
Which glows with a glory sublime;
And its rays over Life's stormy billows are cast,
As it shines 'mid the trophies of time;
With some, its effulgence oft glistens a tear;
With others, the riches of Earth—
But with all, 'tis the hour in memory dear,
Which heralds the day of our birth!

How gladly we hail through the fast-coming years,
Its gentle and joyous return!
E'en tho' our young spirits are burdened with fears,
And our hearts with deep anguish may burn;
For the angel of Hope ever lightly bears up,
The frail, feeble footsteps of Youth;
And Mercy will tinge even Life's bitter cup,
With the fragrance of Pleasure, and Truth!

But an Orb in the Future beams clearer by far—
With a lustre more steady and true;
No storms of the Present its brightness can mar,
Tho' they hide all its glory from view!
'Tis the Star that gleams over the End of our way,
From the once crimsoned crown of the Son!
It heralds the dawn of Eternity's Day—
Of existence forever begun!

It may be that Spring with the earliest flowers,
Or Summer with pleasures so fair—
Or Autumn with stores for those hyemal hours,
When Labor lies cosy with Care—
Have each, through the swift gliding years of the Past,
Brought the day when thy soul may have said:
"This day in the Future may stand as my last,
And bear this last record—'He's dead!'"

With thy lamp trimmed and burning, God's Spirit with pow'r
Will aid thee to watch and to pray;
"For ye know not the day, and ye know not the hour,
When the Bride-groom shall call thee away!"
If thus ever ready until He shall come—
Thy faith will receive its reward;
"Well done faithful servant"—He welcomes thee Home—
"Enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

X. E. P.

MY FIRST CIGAR.

In the experience of all of us there have been events with which at the time of their occurrence we feel we would joyfully have dispensed—seasons of temporary, yet undoubted affliction—but which we now regard with feelings more of mirth than sorrow, blended with gentle pity for our former selves. Such an event was the smoking of my first cigar.

Let me premise as follows: Of the family of Mac Gunn, a family so illustrious, that in the days of yore to be the son of a Gunn "was greater than a king;" I, Malcolm Mac G., am an unworthy descendant. My father has always humored his children as far as salutary, but to me, the youngest of the household, has fallen a Benjamin's portion of indulgence. To the others he is kind, to me yielding; and of every favor unusually important or difficult to obtain, I am always the delegated suppliant. But with all his benignity, the elder Mac Gunn had prejudices; strong, ineradicable, antique prejudices, the relics of fast-vanishing Old Fogydome, redolent of mediæval mustiness. Foremost among these was an uncompromising antipathy to Tobacco. In every form, it was his special abomination; hatred and disgust for it seemed to have grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; as smoke to the eyes, and vinegar to the teeth, as pork to the Hebrew, and wine to the Mussulman, so was the Nicotian weed to my respected parent. Of course, smoking was long to me a forbidden pleasure, and years after the usual age at which Young America deems it correct to put away childish things, to wit, rattle and grapevine, and sport the virile cigar, I was still a stranger to the luxuries of the "plant divine, of rarest virtue."

Such was the state of matters, when in the autumn of 18—, the day arrived for the holding of that high festival of the rural districts, the County Fair. People, male and female, old and young, elderly, substantial-looking farmers with sedate, sturdy teams, their more dashing sons with fast-going trotters, people with articles to show, and people to see the articles shown, people arrayed in metaphorical purple and fine linen, and people with antediluvian-looking garments of primeval cut, were pouring into the town. The fair-grounds were crowded with exhibitors, exhibited and spectators, with all the usual concomitants of the occasion. The day was fine; the "rigid discipline of schools" was abolished *pro tem*; we were to "have company," and very pleasant company, too. Such was the combination of circumstances; why shouldn't my heart leap for joy?

In the course of the morning the said "company" arrived. There was my uncle, a modern Cincinnatus, who having retired from active life, was devoting his energies to the cultivation of a *ferme orne*, and the production of unimagined monstrosities of animal and vegetable life, some of which were then and there on exhibition. There was a bevy of young ladies, fair to look upon. Lastly, there was my cousin Ned, a year older than myself, who, eschewing pastoral pleasures, (his only agricultural taste being an inordinate proclivity for sowing wild oats,) had his local habitation in the city. It was my especial function to entertain this young gentleman, and forthwith I set about it.

We strolled around, we looked at everything, we "got up" the horses and took a drive, and occasionally we took something else, as the day waxed warm. Returned from our excursion and again pedestrianizing, Ned pulling out his cigar case and helping himself for the fourth time, for the fourth time extended to me a cordial invitation to partake. I deliberated. On one hand was my father's

lively indignation should he hear of the transgression, together with a possibility of nausea ; on the other, Ned's pitying glance, and an inward yearning for the untasted pleasure. Another glance, an augmented yearning, and I seized *my first cigar*.

Now, under ordinary circumstances, I should have taken a few puffs, felt dizzy, and thrown the nasty thing away ; but an inscrutable destiny had ordered otherwise. Accordingly, I had just begun, when turning a corner I came plump on the Rev. Polycarp Puggs. A more disagreeable contretemps could not have been imagined, not even the advent of my father himself.

The Rev. Polycarp Puggs I had never admired. A tall, gaunt form, a "countenance cadaverous," rendered quite sepulchral by a ghastly white cravat, a voice hoarse and hollow by reason of overmuch shouting, were no doubt in the old ladies' eyes quite the saintly thing ; but to me, by some inexplicable eccentricity of mind, they were intimately associated with the idea of wolves in sheep's clothing. But what made his appearance at the present juncture so baleful, was the fact of his being, to borrow an expressive term from the vocabulary of childhood, a "blab." I knew at once that before night the father of the family would be acquainted with my dereliction from the path of duty. Determined, however, to put the best face upon it, I was passing him with sublime disregard, when he stepped before me, and without formal salutation plunged in *medias res*—

"My young friend, you are forming a very bad habit."

"Possibly so," returned I, with an effort at *nonchalance*, but conscious of an unpleasant glow in my face.

"I should like to inquire whether your father is aware of your smoking."

"That, sir, is no concern of yours."

"It is my duty to guard the morals of my flock, and again I ask you, *does your father know you smoke ?*"

I remained silent. "I see," said he, "it is as I feared. I shall take an early opportunity of going to your father."

"You may go—" to what locality I had no time to inform him, for Ned opportunely dragged me away, highly exasperated, and pouring out the vials of my wrath in a manner highly calculated to attract the popular attention. I felt no alarm in view of the inevitable *expose*; in fact, I didn't think of it; "but that rascal Puggs!" and thus I went on, till quieted by Ned's representations, I gradually subsided into "curses not loud, but deep," and violent puffing on that confounded cigar.

So irate was I, so oblivious of everything but the Rev. Polycarp Puggs, that I did not for some time notice sundry strange phenomena, "abnormal freaks," occurring in my inner man. A slight giddiness by no means remarkable came first, then by degrees assuming a more definite character, then as this subsided, certain vague and unsettled sensations, nowise suggestive of Elysium, permeating the whole frame, and at length concentrated on a most important part of "this muddy vesture of decay." I knew it now; I was sick. Out went the half-smoked cigar, but too late; the business was done.

"Ned," said I, "I can't go home." Ned looked inquiringly. "I'm sick."

"Why, so you are," said Ned, for the first time observing my interesting pallor and subdued expression of countenance. "But never mind, look pleasant, fight it down, and I dare say you'll get through dinner very well, and then we can slope again."

Not without many misgivings, at one moment seized with an insane desire to repose on the sidewalk, roused at the next to a general feeling of vindictiveness against all created things, I travelled homeward, and fortunately arrived just as dinner was ready. So far, so good; the time was short, and I would soon be at liberty.

Oh! I was to look pleasant, was I? Perhaps, reader,

you fancy it easy! I found it otherwise; but I felt the necessity of attempting it, and with a contortion of visage hypothetically representative of ecstasy, but no doubt expressive of abject misery, I took my seat at the table. Of course I wasn't fascinating. The agreeable jocularity of the rest found no echo in my bosom. There was this advantage about it though, that I attracted no attention; and happy in my insignificance, I was beginning to cherish the hope of ultimate escape. But the hope was stifled at its birth; I was growing rapidly worse, and at last my father perceived something wrong. Being a "plain, blunt man," he spoke as follows:

"What ails you?"

(*Your humble servant with a melancholy smile*)—"Nothing, sir, I am enjoying myself."

(*The elder Mac G., alarmed*)—"You must be ill."

(*Y. H. S. with a dismal effort at rapture*)—"I feel very pleasant, I assure you."

(*Elder Mac G. well nigh petrified*)—"Is the boy mad?"

(*Y. H. S. with a most hideous essay to "look pleasant"*)—"I b'lieve 'm not quiwell. Like t'be 'scused."

(*Exit your humble servant in hot haste.*)

* * * * *

I felt better, and returning to the house with a sensation of relief, I met my father coming after me. No idea of tobacco entered his unsuspecting head, and after expressing gratification at my convalescence he said that "of course I hadn't heard of the accident which had befallen Mr. Puggs. He had been run over at the fair."

"Thank God," said I, observing as the elder Mac G. regarded me with evident surprise, "I mean I'm glad that he wasn't killed."

Years have passed, the elder Mac G.'s tobacco-antipathy has yielded to the force of circumstances, and I now color my meerschaum with no one to molest me or make me afraid; but I never light my pipe without thinking of *my first cigar*.

MORAL EFFECTS OF FICTION.

There seems to be no end to the vast multitude of publications that are constantly issued from the many steam presses throughout the country. Our daily observation fixes the truth upon us, that "of making many books, there is no end," and no one is so foolish or so bold as to assert, that he either has or can peruse all the works of any one particular kind, or upon any one particular subject, while he must confess ignorance as to the great mass. The "*cacoethes scribendi*" seems to have infected the age and many who have no hopes of fame, seize the pen and write for pelf. It would doubtless be a positive benefit to humanity if much that is written were left to rot in the brain that produced it, rather than having been dragged to light, to be so speedily consigned to a justly merited oblivion, without even conferring an ephemeral fame upon its author.

In speaking thus, we have reference more particularly to what is termed the light literature of the day—that which is so speedily and easily digested by that portion of society, whose morbid taste repels the more solid and substantial food afforded by the historian and biographer. Nor yet would we be considered as among those who would wage an indiscriminate warfare against all works of fiction. To do this would be to abolish much which from its instructive and entertaining character has well merited a just claim to be classed with the standard literature of the day. Truth oftentimes is stranger than fiction, yet it is made more attractive and pleasing, and is the more greedily sought after by being properly coated with a little fable.

It cannot be denied that this is a very powerful instrument either for good or evil, according to the disposition

and character of him who wields it. The philosopher and man of science writes theories and abstractions. The historian, in the desire to portray a nation's greatness, or treat of the events of centuries, cannot dwell too minutely upon the lives of individuals. The biographer is apt to become warped by partiality and prejudice into an unhappy denunciation of rivals—a too warm defence of petty men and measures, and all to extol one man, whose just epitaph too frequently should be, "he was born, he lived, he died." But the judicious writer of fiction brings together a collection of characters who represent society as it is, whose conduct, actions, sayings and surroundings are the faithful daguerreotype of nature—not as she is, perhaps, but as it is probable she would be.

There is no better or surer means of propagating great moral, political or social truths than through the aid of a well-written work of fiction. Men can be coaxed and persuaded, but not driven. It is far easier to lead them along by tickling their fancies through the pleasing sinuosities of a fairy tale, than pointedly to present a blunt truth at them and tell them they must believe; they must be persuaded, whether they will or no. One parable is worth forty dry, knotty dissertations of a musty theology. Many who would hesitate to wade through a metaphysical disquisition, or sicken at a long drawn argument, are easily convinced through this happy medium. Thus Dickens has done more to break down hypocrisy in religion, to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes in England, and to soften the rigors of the system of private schools, than all the moral reform societies that ever had an existence. So too, the Jesuits, whose infamous creed is that the end sanctifies the means, were everywhere extending their sect, in spite of the anathemas of the pulpit, until Eugene Sue stopped their march of progression and palsied their vitality. And where will we see a nation's manners, morals and beliefs so faithfully portrayed as in the works of Scott?

We do not allude here to the negative benefits of works of fiction, as a source of recreation and diversion from sterner duties, as a means of improvement in literary taste and criticism. We speak of its positive benefits in the creation of noble models of character, which may serve as examples in action to all who are emulous of the good and great. To form a right idea and pursue it with all his energy, is the plain duty of every one, and in this matter the reading of works of fiction exercise an immense influence. The formation of false ideals, the neglect to pursue the right, are, we think, the most serious evils of a certain class of novels. But it may be objected, is not virtue triumphant and vice punished the moral of all such works? True: but what sort of virtue, and by what means, triumphant? The love of a maiden, who leaves friends and kindred behind her, to follow a gallant whose manly and noble qualities exist only in her misguided and sickly fancy, is the common-place plot of many a novel of a certain stamp, and the heroine has had many imitators, who found to their sorrow that what they once considered a duty was in fact a sin a life-time would have to atone for. Many a young man, dazzled at the picture of a hero of nature's make, fondly hopes that nature will make him a hero, and quietly waits—and waits forever—for the realization of his hope.

As an instrument of morality, the opponents of Christianity know well its power, and have used their knowledge to some purpose. Few men can withstand their insidious advances, concealed in the intricacies of an exciting plot. To unmask these covert attacks, is a work of great importance, but by no means entirely effectual. The very criticism and exposure of the evil often has the effect of widening the circulation. To combat them with their own weapons, to match fiction against fiction, would be far more efficient. Hannah Moore, in her day, and Kingsley, in later times, have been foremost in this work. The former suited well her age, though the peculiarities

of her style are a barrier to her present usefulness. Her readers are few and far between, and her influence proportionately diminished. Kingsley has neglected none of the means of interesting the attention, and keeping it till his object is accomplished, which lie in the power of the novelist. Many have attempted to imitate the graces of his style, the conduct of his plots, in hopes to reach the same end, but they lack that spirit of sublime Christianity which actuated the English pastor and which finds an echo in the heart of every man of sensibility.

The doctrine he inculcates has received from the "reviewers" the would be opprobrious title of "Muscular Christianity," and this, by whatever name called, is in our humble opinion the true Christianity. Man was never meant by his creator to pass idly through his earthly existence. To be himself good, is not all that is required of him. To do so as well as to be good, is his plain duty. Talents were not confided to us for safe keeping merely, but to be improved. Our condition in the life to come has been made dependent on our actions here, yet by a bounteous dispensation of Divine Providence, it has been ordained that the course of life necessary to secure our future good, is just what is best fitted of any to give us happiness here. The theory, that the Deity is best pleased by our undergoing privations here of any sort, not demanded for the promulgation and defence of the truth, is founded on the principle of self-justification, and formed one of the gravest errors of the Romish Church. To combat these theories, is one of the main objects of Kingsley. His heroes, in whatever station placed, or to whatever age they belonged, are active, "earnest men"—men who prosper in the world, but not on account of their wickedness, or for simple negative goodness. His ideal is the Christian gentleman, and in the various forms it is presented, we recognize the same grand characteristics. Unwavering honor, lofty patriotism, dauntless courage, and unfaltering resolution are virtues implied

in Christianity, though, as it is too often represented, commonly left in the background. They are virtues which every noble minded man strives to acquire. It is unfair to represent a Christian gentleman without them. It may be argued that these are but lower principles, that there is something higher than all these in religion. Can a thing be perfect and yet have any of its elements wanting? These are virtues which show themselves even in the very depths of heathenism. They are evidences of our divine origin, and true Christianity which embraces all that is good, beautiful and true in one glorious whole, would hardly be what it is without them.

Kingsley is but one of a class who stand diametrically opposed to the authors of the yellow-covered trash which is flooding the lower grades of society. He approaches the model man more nearly. They are the bane of society. They weaken the intellect, degrade the morals, and corrupt the taste, and it is their perusal which has evoked the universal condemnation of novel-reading. A proper exercise of judgment would lead us to discriminate in this as in all things, and while we avoid the one, we should not hesitate to derive lasting lessons of instruction and positive good from the other.

Editor's Table.

"The editor sat on his lofty stool,
Before him a sheet of foolscap lay;
So many subjects claimed his pen,
That he doubted what to say.
Then he savagely fell to biting his pen
(An unsatisfactory ration),
And said to the boy, "You can state again
The amount of our circulation!"

We were thinking what must be the life of the editor of a small daily newspaper, who has from scanty material to gather enough for each day's issue, when here, in the very home of letters the Editor of the *Lit.* has to drum with a perseverance,

unknown among drummer-boys, to get his regiment together, and even then their accoutrements are often 'out at elbows.' Why is it that, in a college like our own, we cannot have a freer pen and a livelier imagination; why should the Editor be compelled to hunt up recruits, rather than that the spirit of support to the Magazine as a College institution, mixed with a generous emulation, should drive him to the recesses of his Easy Chair behind his Table, piled and overflowing with the fast accumulating material from which it should be his agreeable and compensating duty to cull the varied contents of his forthcoming number? why indeed; simply this, reader: Because you do not write, you look upon the issue of the Magazine as a matter of course; but you do not stop to consider, that upon your exertions, depends the literary reputation of our College abroad, as sustained by the Magazine, and, in no small degree, the cultivation of easy and finished composition in our midst.

Having now, to the best of our ability, performed this little piece of censorship, we relapse into the old ideal.

We're in the arm chair, of course, with a pipe in our mouth and our feet on the Table, else we were not an Editor. And now shall we 'soar aloft into transcendental cloudland, or descend into the mire of sensuality?' The fact of our being obliged to soar aloft to the former and to descend to the latter argues that we must be in a happy medium between the two, and there, with the kind consent of the reader, we will remain.

March is upon us with all its attendant demons of chilly nights, rainy, damp and uncomfortable days. Occasionally, however, we enjoy the soothing warmth of the Spring-tide sun, bringing with it that peculiar lassitude and weariness denominated spring-fever, which unfits one for everything but to bask in its rays, and to drink in the luxuriance of its mellow glow; contrasting it with the cold, bleak, barren days in the winter which has just rolled by. That there is much of beauty, much to admire, if not to feel awe at, in a winter landscape, when the earth, the trees and mountain tops are all clothed in a pure white robe, glistening beneath a winter's sun, with thousand diamonds, we cannot but maintain; but what man in his senses would attempt to compare it with the richness, the splendor of unfolding nature, the returning verdure, the budding trees, the singing birds, the clear unclouded sky, the joyous happy faces—in short—the enhanced beauty, (Pardon us fair reader), of all things.

Our College Life plods on its way much as of yore, except it is somewhat less boisterous. The Bacchanal has either forgotten to observe the rites of his god or practices them within four walls, whence they do not escape to break the solemn stillness of the night.

It is a fact confirmed by experience, that the approaching departure of the Senior Class each year tends to check the waywardness of student-life, and turns the channel of thought toward the great Future. Many will lose tried and valued friends, all will lose some pleasant companions, and the subjects which now most engross the attention of those who are about to 'paddle in their own canoes,' enter by sympathy into the thoughts, and influence the actions of their friends. The foot-ball once more bounds across the campus, impelled by a no slight 'expenditure of muscular fibre,' or finds its obstructed way beneath the feet of a literal 'jam.' The Gymnasium, comparatively deserted when Jack Frost pinched the fingers and noses of those desirous to 'develop the biceps,' is now again in full blast, and between the hours of twelve and one any amount of lofty tumbling, vaulting, &c.,

may be witnessed. And once again, the loud ringing laugh, the melody of the flute, the sharp tone of the violin, the tum-tum of the banjo, not to speak of the blast of a Sophomoric horn, or the measured and dignified tone that indicates the cultivation of that branch which makes the 'perfect orator'

"Comes thro' the unshuttered window upon the open air."

We have to congratulate our fellow students upon the happy issue of our Junior orator troubles, and to thank the Faculty for the mild and considerate measures they have taken in the matter. And since it depends upon the Halls whether in future they shall retain the privilege of 'public representation,' we sincerely hope that a spirit may prevail which shall ever look to the lasting weal of old Whig and Clio, rather than to any temporary advantage which may be subserved by an opposite course. We notice with unmitigated pleasure the substantial and tasteful manner in which the New Library is being fitted, and we cannot but congratulate the College and its friends that so noble a work has been so well carried out. Those to whom its completion is owing, in a pecuniary point of view, can wish no nobler monument to their munificence. It has been suggested that we endeavor to establish here the custom now existing in Harvard University, that every member of each succeeding graduating class present a volume or work to the College Library, thus augmenting the collection and leaving behind a memento. This we think will at once recommend itself to every one and we hope to see it put into practice.

And now it becomes our painful duty to record the death of a classmate, Chester P. Butler, of Mississippi, who left us last session in ill-health, and has since passed away from earth. His sojourn among us was short, too short for him to form any extended acquaintance, but those few who knew him best, 'knew him but to love him, and named him but to praise.' His death occurred within a few miles of his home, where he was hurrying with all the speed his shattered health admitted, that the soothing hand and noiseless footsteps of loved ones might soften his dying pillow: but this last of earthly hopes was denied him by an all-wise Providence. May the lesson here inculcated go home to each heart and aid us to remember that while 'in the midst of life we are in death.'

Reader, we thank you for having followed us thus far. And we would here express our obligations to contributors.

In a few short weeks the Class of '60, will be pushed out into the rapids; one has already gone, with a stout heart and a well-stored mind, to try its perils; another has been taken from us before his course had yet begun. May the rest of us be spared to stand up manfully for the right, and successfully to battle against the insidious assaults of evil.

Fellow students, one and all, farewell! We fold our manuscript, put by our pipe, take our feet from off the Table, and with one long sigh of mingled regret and relief, realize that we are no longer an

EDITOR.

Exchanges.

Virginia University Magazine; Yale Literary Mag; Harvard Magazine; Beloit College Monthly; Kenyon Collegian (February and March); The Opal; Wabash Monthly; Western Churchman; Centre College Magazine; The Printer; Erskine Collegiate Recorder.

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